



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

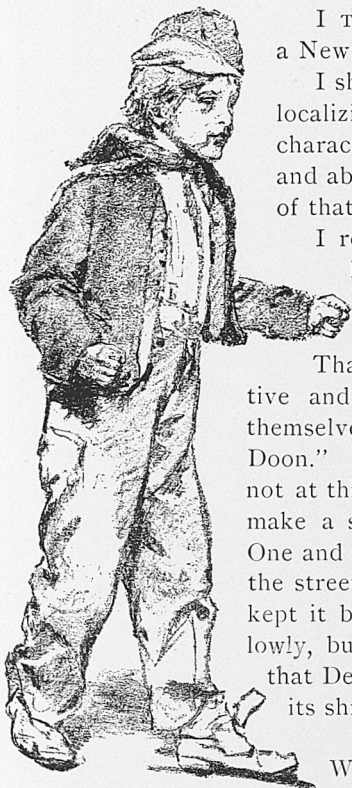
Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ARABS OF NEW YORK

BY NYM CRYNKLE.

With original illustrations by J. G. Brown.



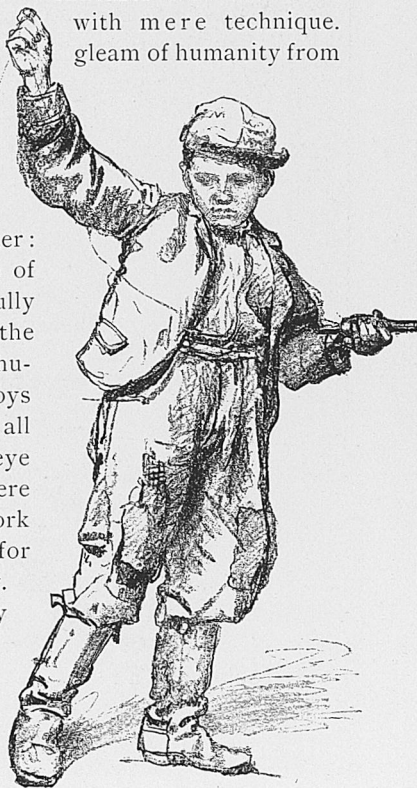
ON THE DEFENSIVE.

I THINK J. G. Brown though English born is more distinctly a New York painter than any other of our well-known artists.

I should not like to have you think I am circumscribing and localizing his genius in saying that, because in painting what is characteristic and true of New York he has shown the veracity and ability to paint anything that comes within the measurement of that ability.

I remember once hearing a vivacious young lady at an exhibition say, while standing in front of one of his canvases, that she loved Mr. Brown because he painted the ballads and not the laws of art.

That, on the whole, is a good criticism, because it is instinctive and not pragmatism. Most of Mr. Brown's pictures sing themselves, as one might say do "Sally in our Alley" and "Bonnie Doon." Their messages are concrete, direct and simple. I cannot at this moment recall one of his canvases that tried to make a sentiment welter in paint with mere technique. One and all, they transferred some gleam of humanity from the street to the studio, and then kept it burning like one of those lowly, but inexhaustible, tapers that Devotion used to leave upon its shrine.



THE KITE-FLYER.

I said to a New York painter: Well, will you kindly tell me of another who has so successfully caught what one might call the elf-light of New York—that flickering phantasmal humanity of our streets and alleys? You know his boys when you see them, don't you? not because they are all alike, but because they have all flitted before your eye in real life. You don't have to be introduced. There is no need of an explanation that this is a New York boy. You could not by any possibility mistake him for a Chicago, or a London, or even a Philadelphia boy. It doesn't make any difference where you are—say you are at an exhibition in Munich, and you come upon this boy—presto! you will hear the cry of the *Evening Telagrime* and feel the throb of the Seventh Regiment band, and sniff the hot waffles on the corner.

I suppose the New York street boy has more



AN EXCHANGE OF COURTESY.

liberty and more incorrigible independence than any other boy in existence. He is very often a nuisance, but he is always a self-supporting and immeasurable possibility. The late Chas. L. Brace once taught me to tolerate, if not to respect him, for he took down a register in the Newsboys' Home, and pointed out to me a long line of respected and influential men who had fought their way up from the New York pavement.

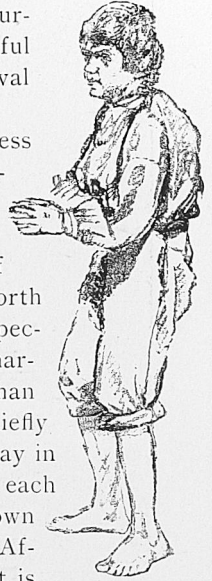
There are great possibilities of sturdy life in the school of the street. It pounds sentimentality out of a fellow to begin with. I never knew one of these fellows to



A LOVING CORNER.

be mawkish. It brings an urchin ruthlessly up to the awful but benign law of the survival of the fittest.

Brown's picture of "On Dress Parade" is more than an octave of vital tones. One might call it a jolly mad-rigal, in the major key of course. I don't think it worth while to subject it to a spectrum analysis, because the character is more important than the coloring, and I am chiefly delighted at the delicious way in which the artist has made each boy in that platoon look his own unmistakable individuality. After all, as Emerson says, "It is only man that interests us," and



AFRAID.



SUNDAY MORNING.



"KEEP DOWN!"



JERSEY MUD.



"SIT UP!"



ON THE LOOKOUT.



"STAND UP!"



ONE OF MULLIGAN'S GUARDS.



"YOU'RE A BEAUTY!"



OUT AT THE POCKETS.



THE INVENTOR.

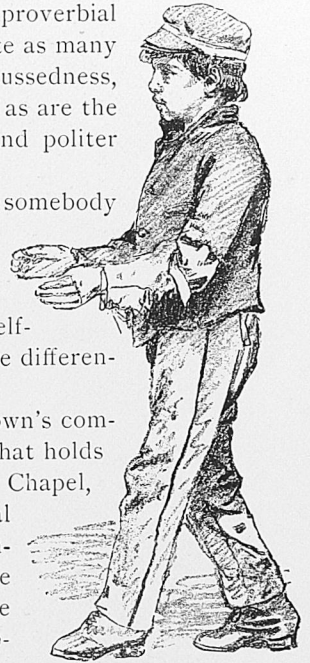


CALLING THE GANG.

here are as many men as will make up a proverbial tailor, who have been put into line with quite as many characters, temperaments and shades of cussedness, as clearly marked and distinctly separated as are the black and white keys of some softer and politer instrument.

There is a delightful essay for somebody who has sympathy and sense, and no knowledge of hue and color and "arrangements," if he will sit down and pick out the bully, the brains, the self-consciousness and the waggishness that are differentiated in that platoon.

Of course I know that most of Mr. Brown's compositions are story pictures, an objection that holds good against certain groups in the Sistine Chapel, and that being story pictures they appeal less to the technical critic than to the sensibilities of the human being. But I for one persistently like story pictures, just as I like story poems or story marble. I don't suppose Mr. Brown undertakes to paint allego-



THE BALL-PLAYER.



"KEEP UP!"



A DEEP-LAID SCHEME.

ries any more than Burns undertook to write epics, and there is a two-volume romance in Burns's "wee, crimson-tipped daisy." But what Mr. Brown undertakes to do he does unmistakably, and nearly always delightfully. He can summon the boot-black from the curb-stone and make him tell his own story. I don't think anybody has unloosed this fellow's lips as Mr. Brown has. Take any one of those studies or finished pictures and see how frank and direct it is. Sometimes it is like one of Berenger's songs—oftener it is like one of Whittier's minor poems. (Do you remember Whittier's "School Days?") The charm of the fellow accoutred with muffler



GRATIFIED AMBITION.

of youth, which laughs at misfortune. He has portrayed the boy's love for a dog in almost every attitude. He figures as the master, the trainer, the proprietor—never as the persecutor or enemy. Nor do we detect in these urchins the dark side of their lives. For the most part Mr. Brown sees them in the sunshine. They are exuberant, sportive, reckless, mischievous, never vicious, deformed, or awry with an inheritance.

and armed with shovel for the "Clean your side-walk, ma'am?" lies in the subtle story of the situation no less than in the verisimilitude of the type, and the handsome urchin who is being "made up" by his pal is about as limp and submissive a victim of superior skill as you can imagine.

In most of these boot-black studies Mr. Brown sees only the jocund side



AN EARLY CALLER.



ON DRESS PARADE.